

## Home Circle.

### GOSSIPING IN THE PRESENCE OF CHILDREN.

A habit of indulging in gossip is pernicious in its influences and results over us all. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," that we oftentimes give a willing ear to the stories circulating about our friends and acquaintances, and more is the pity that we are tempted too readily and yield to the temptation to tell these detrimental reports over again to other willing ears.

It is astonishing how thoughtless mothers often are of their manner of speech before children. Children are very attentive listeners. They seem to be interested in their play or their books, but nevertheless nothing said by their elders escapes their ears. Children like to hear what their elders are talking about, especially if the talk is carried on with a show of mystery.

Friends may speak depreciatingly of some other friend, without a thought of the consequences, and perhaps without even a remembrance of the words spoken, a few days afterwards, but the child who hears it makes a memorandum of the sins of commission or omission which mother and her friend talked over, and thus an unjust prejudice is acquired, which the mother is astonished to hear expressed perhaps weeks afterwards. "What mother says must be so," is the argument a child uses to reason out the wrong and right of things. Mother is the ideal of all that is true and just and good.

Think of this, mothers! What wonderful trust your little child places in you and your judgment and actions. Is it not a very serious matter to be a child's ideal as what is best and truest in motherhood? "Mrs. So and So must be a dreadful woman," reasons the child, who has heard that neighbor spoken of in a deprecatory manner. And if that neighbor has a child, what a show of superior goodness the child of the gossiping mother carries about with her hereafter when she mingles with Mrs. "So and So's" child! How pitifully she regards her in the light of her mother's depreciating estimate—it is such a dreadful thing to have a mother who does things which mother thinks are so bad! Two-thirds of the gossip circulated about persons is libellous, because it is untrue, and if legally followed up would prove a crime. The sad results of scandalous stories are often pitiful in the extreme.

We try to have our children acquire habits of truth and justice that will help them on in right living, but are we particular to teach them not to speak untruth-

fully or unjustly of their playmates? When they come to us with a story which depreciates the good qualities of some little friend, do we counsel them not to tell over anything which will hurt the reputation of that child? Do we help them to acquire the habit of that charity which thinketh no evil of one's neighbor?—*The Evangelist.*

### A BROOKLYN HORSE.

I was walking up the street early one cold morning last winter, when the snow was so deep that the horses of the milkmen, and grocers, and bakers had hard work to pull the carts through it. For they were not prepared for snow, and were still on wheels. There was a neat little baker's cart standing in the middle of the street, drawn by a neat little horse with a pretty head, bright eyes, and restless ears, which pointed forward and back every minute.

There was also a boy on the sidewalk walking in front of me. Presently the baker's boy came out of a house on the other side of the street and called, "Come on, Nelly!"

Nelly, the neat little horse in the baker's cart was thinking of something else, but she pricked up her ears, turned her head, and saw the boy walking in front of me.

She thought that he was her boy, and she started across the street to him through the deep snow. But her own baker's boy saw her and called again. "Here I am, Nelly!" and then you should have seen the pretty way she looked over to him, as if to say, "How could I be so stupid?" and walked quickly across the street again through the drifts to her own boy, who was waiting for her.

I am sure that boy and horse have very good times together, and if I were a baker's horse that is the kind of boy I should want to take care of me.

### THE NURSERY SONG.

Years ago a child was stolen away from its home. Everywhere the parents sought for it, but in vain. Several years passed by and one day the mother heard that a band of strolling gypsies were in a wood some miles away, and that they had with them a white girl. Hope sprang up in the mother's breast and she hurried away to the camp. She saw the white girl, but could see in her no trace of the beautiful child she had lost years ago. As she sadly walked away she heard a sweet voice of song. She listened—it was an old nursery rhyme that she had taught her child, and then she knew the girl must be her long-lost daughter.

### HOW THEY EARNED THEIR CONTRIBUTION.

They were three brothers—John, aged ten, Walter, aged eight, and six-year-old Albert. They lived in Michigan and attended a mission Sabbath-school. This school had been helped by our Board, and the scholars wanted to do something in turn to help others. They decided to raise a sum of money for a poorer school some miles away.

The three brothers were very anxious to give something, but farmers' boys in Michigan do not have much money of their own, and so they planned a way to earn some.

Not far from their home was one of the great wheat farms which are found in that section of the country, where the fields of grain are so large that you can hardly see from one end to the other. John went to the owner of this big farm and asked permission to gather the wheat which was left after the reaper and binder had passed through.

It was the hottest summer weather and John's feet grew very tired and sore as he trudged up and down the long rows, picking up a few heads here and a handful there. But he kept it up day after day, and when the harvest was over he had a large pile of grain in his father's barn.

In the meanwhile, Walter and Albert had been picking raspberries and blackberries in the woods and hedges. They sold some to the neighbors and the rest they spread out to dry in the hot sun.

By and by the threshers came to thresh their father's grain, and John coaxed his father to have his wheat threshed first. The boys all stood in the doorway while the grain was going through the big machine. And when it was threshed and winnowed there were three large bags full.

The next day John took his wheat to the village and sold it for two dollars. Albert and Walter went with him, carrying their baskets of dried berries. The storekeeper bought them all for one dollar. They already had a dollar for what they had sold to the neighbors, and you can imagine how proud they were when they handed in their contribution of four dollars.

If the boys in your school could do as much as these Michigan boys did, what a grand collection we should have on Children's Day! All over our country there are boys and girls growing up who know nothing of God and the Bible. A great many new schools ought to be opened to gather in these boys and girls. Will you not try to help?

"KEEP the heart right and the feet will not go far astray."